VOL. 2. AUGUST, 1899. NO. 10.

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY

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S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Boston and Salem, Mass.

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LITTLE FOLKS.

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S. E. CASSINO, PUBLISHER, Boston, Mass.

THE YOUNG HORSEMAN.

(The First Prize, Class "Pets," in the Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded, for this photograph, to E. L. Clark, Skaneateles, N. Y.)

LITTLE FOLKS

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HOW JOCK SAVED BETSEY. *

ONE warm summer day the next year after little Betsey had her adventure with the wolves, her mother sent her through the same woods to the nearest neighbors on an errand; but this time it was daytime.

It was a long walk, so Betsey started early. She meant to take Jock with her, and Jock meant to go. She always liked to have him along, while Jock himself was never so happy as when tagging at her heels.

On this particular morning, however, Betsey's brother wanted Jock to stay at home and keep the chickens from the garden. So Betsey scolded Jock when he came trotting after her, and told him he must go back, and sped away from him into the forest alone. Jock turned back, as he was bidden, and sneaked out of sight. But instead of going back to his work he sat down under a tree. In about a minute he lifted his head, then got up and shook himself, as if he were saying, "Watch the chickens, indeed! not if I know it, while my little mistress is away!"

And off he started on Betsey's trail, not fast enough to overtake her all at once—he was too smart for that—but pattering along at an easy jog, just keeping her in sight, until she was a good two miles from home. Then he broke into a run and caught up with her just as she reached the creek where there was a big foot-log for a bridge.

Betsey pretended to be very angry with him. "Jock," she said, "you naughty Jock, to run away and follow! I am

* See "Little Betsey's Evening in the Woods," in July LITTLE FOLKS.

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very much afraid indeed, sir, that Ben will cuff your ears, sir!"

(But secretly Betsey could not help feeling glad that Jock had come.)

Now crossing a foot-log over a deep, rapid stream is not so very easy for some little folks, but it was easy for Betsey and she was soon across and skipping gayly over the last half of her journey. She arrived at Mr. Lapham's in good time for dinner, after which she and Jock had a big romp with the children before starting home.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the foot-log on their return. Betsey had her apron-pocket full of pebbles, and when about half way across the creek she sat down on the log and began throwing them into the water one by one, her four-legged friend sitting on his haunches watching the performance.

Deaf and blind to everything but her sport, Betsey was suddenly aroused by a low warning growl from Jock. Looking up, what did she see?

A big black bear on the log, coming toward her—and he was between her and home.

For a moment little Betsey was at a loss what to do; only for a moment, for Betsey was quick-witted and brave like most pioneer children.

Scrambling to her feet, she shoved Jock toward the bear, and cried, "Sic him, Jock! *go for him, Jock, go!*"

And Jock did go. There was a deep growl and an uplifted paw on the part of the bear, there was a rush, a yelp and a snap from Jock—and both bear and dog went off the log, splash! into the water.

Both swam ashore, when Jock again went for Bruin from behind. And now began a battle in which wit and cunning were matched against brute strength. Jock knew that he was no match for Bruin in a fair fight, so he used strategy—and yet, some people think dogs don't know much.

Each time Jock snapped at Bruin's heels Bruin would turn around and try to strike Jock with his paw; but the bear was big and clumsy, and by the time he got around where Jock *was*,

Jock was at his heels again, giving them another nip with his sharp teeth. In this way Jock was slowly but surely drawing the bear off into the woods and further from Betsey. Besides he kept the bear so busy that he had no time to go after her.

All this while, Betsey was still standing on the log, and cheer-

JOCK STARTED FOR THE BEAR.

ing Jock on. "Sic him, Jock!" she cried, clapping her hands, "go for him! that's a brave doggy! take him now!"

And Jock took him—took him far off into the forest, out of sight and finally beyond hearing.

Then little Betsey sped homeward as fast as she could, to relate her adventure.

Jock did not come back that night. Little Betsey's face grew sad, and she cried after she had gone to bed; she was afraid, oh, *so* afraid that her faithful little friend, her brave little defender, was gone forever.

The next morning came, but Jock didn't; noon came—but not Jock. Betsey's mother was saying, "Jock is dead, Betsey. The bear has killed Jock—Jock was such a little dog!—" when what do you suppose happened?

Through the open door came Jock, looking so plump and fat, his little stump tail sticking straight up; and with a bark of delight he leaped right into Betsey's outstretched arms, and they rolled over the puncheon floor together in an ecstacy of joy.

The next morning Jock took a walk into the woods all by himself, but Betsey's father followed after—and what do you think he found?

He found that Jock had killed the bear.

Mrs. L. E. R. Lambrigger.

THERE were two boys, the story goes,
That lived by Zuider Zee,
And they were bad as little boys
In wooden shoes could be;
One's name was Caspar Brinkerhoff,
And one's was Tice Van Vlay.
One night an awful wind came up
And blew those boys away!

It blew them up, it blew them down,
  It whirled them round about,
It whisked their stockings, pantaloons,
  And jerkins inside-out;

AN AWFUL WIND.

And when it set them on their feet—
  Most fearful to relate—
Young Caspar's lanky hair was curled,
  Young Tice's fuzz was straight!

The Lost-Boy-Man went ringing round,
  But could not find out where
The sportive wind had taken time
  To land that naughty pair;

From Amsterdam to Rotterdam,
Long miles from Zuider Zee,
"A boy with pea-green jerkin on!
And one with blue!" cried he.

THE LOST-BOY-MAN.

The people all came staring out;
"*They've* not been by," they said,
"But two have passed—one dressed in grey,
The other one in red."
"The two I seek wore green and blue,
And both wore yellow hose!"
The people shook their heads, and said,
"*These* two wore none of those."

So on and on to Rotterdam,
  Where strange new sights they see,
Those naughty boys go seeking
  For their homes by Zuider Zee.
At last they sat them on a stone
  And wept and wept, and then—
The sportive wind looked down and laughed
  And picked them up again!

SEEKING FOR HOME.

It blew them up, it whirled them round,
  And—so the stories state—
Put back the kink in Tice's hair
  And made young Caspar's straight.

It turned their clothing *right*-side out,
Then whistled them "Good-day!"
And setting them upon their feet
Went laughing on its way.

THE STRAP.

The Lost-Boy-Man in going home
Sat down to take a rest;
He thought it looked a bit like rain,
He glanced from East to West.
Hi! what was that far up the hill?
What?—did his eyes see true?
"Two boys with yellow hose!" he cried,
"And jerkins green and blue!"

The Lost-Boy-Man, he brought them home
All dusty, dragged and worn;

A bee had stung young Caspar's nose,
  Young Tice's hose were torn.
Their mothers went to get the straps—
  Enough is surely said!
And—legend adds—those two small boys
  Went supperless to bed.

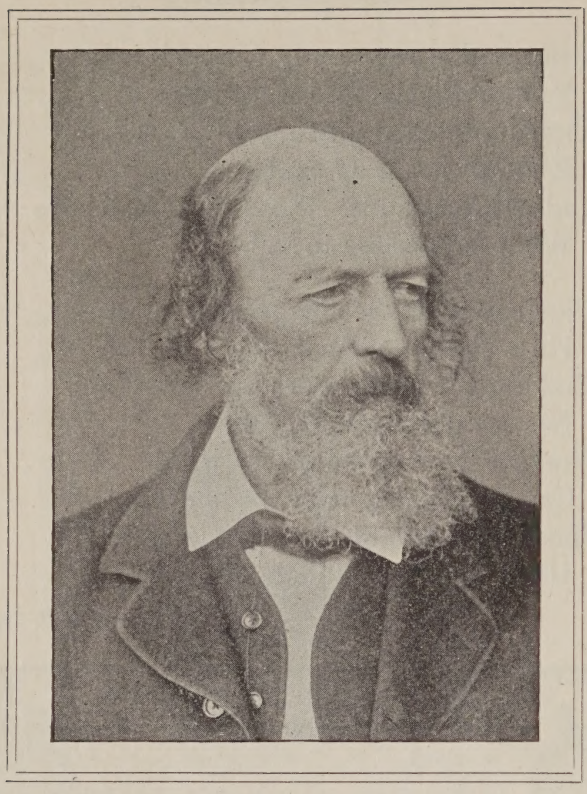
They say that Tice became so good
  He wouldn't even shout;
That Caspar never wore his shoes
  Nor knickerbockers out;
That every time the merry wind
  Came laughing from the shores,
Those boys would run and run and run
  Until they got indoors.

Annie E. Tynan.

WHO CAN TELL!

DO you think that the little Christopher C.,
  When he used to climb up on his papa's knee,
Ever dreamed of "discovering" over the sea?
How d'you know but a great thing will happen to *me*!

E. F. P.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF TENNYSON.

LONG, long ago, when I was a little girl, we used to spend a few weeks every winter and every summer at my father's house and farm on the Isle of Wight—that green little island in the English Channel.

Of course England is an island too, but somehow we never thought of that, as it seemed to us then a huge and boundless country; and when we sat upon the deck of the Isle of Wight steamer, anxiously watching our favorite ponies trailing behind us in a flat-bottomed boat, and rolling about in the foamy waves we churned up, we always felt as if we were making quite an adventurous voyage.

The poet Tennyson's house was not far from our own, and

his two boys were our constant playmates. The oldest boy was only three or four days younger than myself, and the other boy was about a year older than my sister, so, you see, our ages fitted in just right. We had grand times together. But it is not about our games I am going to tell you now, but about the evenings downstairs with the grown-ups.

When Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson were alone, or had with them only intimate friends, they dined in what was called the "ante-room"—a large room between the boys' study and the drawing-room. Dessert—fruit, and a particular kind of sweet biscuit which we thought certainly could never be made anywhere but at Farringford—was served in the drawing-room, on a table drawn near the great fireplace and Mrs. Tennyson's sofa. Upon this sofa Mrs. Tennyson passed much of her time, dressed always in a flowing, dove-colored robe, of the same shade as her sons' picturesque tunics.

As soon as dessert was ready the summons was sent upstairs along the wide corridors to the distant nurseries:

"Let the children come down!"

And then what a combing of tangled curls and straightening out of frocks and tunics began! Two girls and two boys, all with long hair, and sashes to be tied too, and only one nurse to do it! And though one boy was as good as gold, the other was full of pranks and mischief. Everyone loved him all the same—even the long-suffering nurse—because he never either meant or did any harm. "It's just Master Lionel's fun," she said. I can see her now, struggling with the mass of his red-gold curls, whilst, overbrimming with merriment, he hindered her patient labors. For the boys were quite large before their beautiful locks were shorn, and stupid everyday clothes took the place of "picture dresses."

At last all were ready, and downstairs we trooped, led by the oldest boy. Still as mice, (except that the mice *I* have known were never as still as we were,) we sat on our chairs in the great hushed drawing-room, eating cakes and fruit. Sometimes the Poet was talking in a low, growling voice, his guests occasionally joining in, all very subdued and quiet, as it seemed to

us; or perhaps he was what we children irreverently called "grumpy," and just sat and pulled away at his beloved pipe.

Later on we children would slip out, and gather around the red coals of the ante-room fire. There we would tell one another, in thrilling whispers, hair-raising tales of ghosts and banshees and all sorts of delightful horrors; and this we did, I really must confess, until we were—well, never mind how old!

Occasionally the tall, folding doors of the drawing-room would open, and in the entrance would stand, solemnly regarding us—though a twinkle lurked in the deepset eyes—a well-known, loosely-clad figure, pipe in hand. The boys would spring to meet their father, and "Lights and music!" would be the order of the night. Then what a banging and beating of the piano, what a shouting, there would be! Lionel was really musical, like his mother; he was like her in face too; I say *was*, because mother and son are both dead now.

On such evenings as these, the hush and quiet which usually prevailed downstairs (partly on account of Mrs. Tennyson's health, which her sons always tenderly remembered), vanished as if by magic. Scottish songs and ballads, old English ones made the lofty rooms ring again; and then, as a wind-up, "Auld Lang Syne" was invariably called for by the Poet—he himself standing and crossing hands with the rest, and all shouting for our lives. For, you know, to sing "Auld Lang Syne" without standing and crossing hands is altogether wrong; and if you had often sung it in this way, as I have, with several hundred other people, you would not want to sing it in any other way.

The Poet's next call was for Goodnight Kisses. Now this was the part of the performance I rather dreaded, because I did not like the odor of tobacco in his beard. My hair was very long and heavy, and what the Poet did was to take hold of it by the extreme end, and then turn around until he had wound his throat up in it, and my face was near enough for the kiss.

Then came the hunt for hats and wraps in the boys' study, many "Good Nights," and away into the darkness we scurried, followed by father and mother, and bound for home and bed.

Edith M. Nicholl.

MAKING PIE.

THE PAT-A-CAKE PIE.

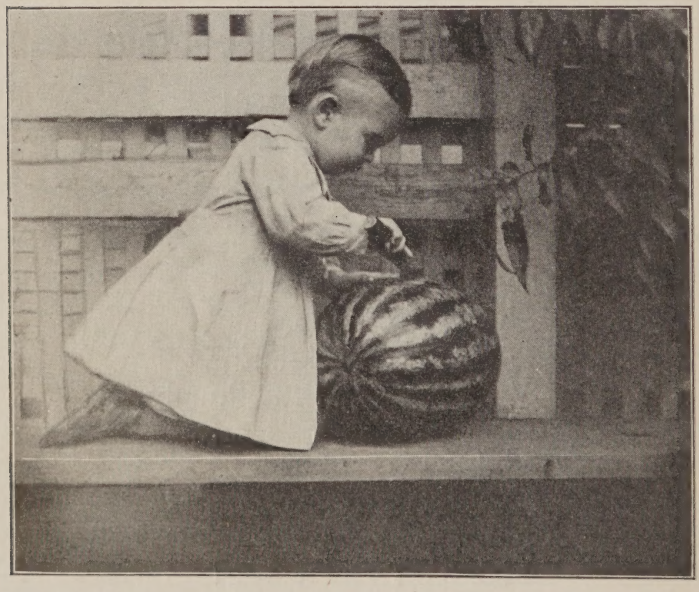
PAT-A-CAKE-PAT!
Her brown little hand
Makes pat-a-cake pie
With water and sand.

The pebbles and shells
She uses for plums,
She pokes them right in
With her dear little thumbs.

And when it is done
O, it looks so nice,
A hungry old wave
Makes off with a slice!

Elizabeth Hill.

ISN'T IT A BIG ONE!



I'LL HAVE IT ALL!

(The First Prize, Class "Funny," in the Prize Photograph Competition, was awarded, for these

ISN'T
IT
SWEET!

I
CAN'T
EAT
ANY
MORE!

four photographs, "The Baby and the Watermelon," to Mrs. M. B. Davenport, Omaha, Neb.)

THINKING, BLINKING

THE LITTLE ROUND THOUGHT.

WHAT are you thinking, little round cat,
Sitting quite still, as you ought?
"Oh, sitting all day on my little round mat,
I am thinking a little round thought!"

What little round thought are you blinking at,
Blinking all day in the house?
"Oh, the sweetest thought to a little round cat—
The thought of a little round mouse!"

Agnes Lee.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER IV.—JUDITH'S OWN ADVENTURE.

JUDITH and Tom were waiting on the piazza when Captain Britton came down the next morning.

"Now father, show us the treasure!" cried Judith.

"Come along then," he said, and stepped down into the gravel walk that led to the garden gate.

Half of the garden lay on the hillside, and half on the very top of the hill. Captain Britton went on up to the "tip-top garden," as the children called it. A line fence ran along up the

slope between the garden and the United States Government land, and beside it at the very steepest place were growing several large-leaved plants.

Captain Britton pointed to these plants. "There are your treasures," said he. "These are some new sort of squash plants that Uncle John sent me from the Agricultural Department in Washington. Two are yours, Judy, and two are Tom's and two are mine, and I gave two to Mr. Holmes at the lodge gate."

"Are *these* the *treasures?*" said Judith, disappointed.

"*I* thought *treasures* meant gold and silver!" said Tom dolefully. "I thought we were going to have watches or something."

"Well," said Judith, brightening up, "I like the Washington seeds that are sent to father—for you never know what is going to come up!"

"I didn't give you the seeds themselves, children," said Captain Britton, "for I didn't know whether they would come up, and I waited, afterward, for a good start. Now you must take them for your own, and take all the care of them; and if you are not thorough I shall have squashes before you do. And Mr. Holmes is a good gardener you know. I'll tell you what I'll do —the finest squash that comes from these plants shall go into New York City, to the great New Agricultural Fair in October. Let's see if one of us cannot win a prize!"

Judith and Tom were quite willing to take care of the squash plants, if it was going to be a competition! They showed them to Fred and Nancy, with pride, for this was the first time they ever had had anything in the big garden. They only had had flower seeds in their little staked-off gardens.

After they had looked at the plants they ran round by the old red fort to the lodge gate, and then down the road a few steps to the Holmes cottage to see the Holmes' plants. After they had looked at them, Tom said, "They are bigger than ours already!"

"That's because I put dish-water on them every day," said Mary Ellen Holmes, who was eleven, and helped her mother in the house. "This one is all my own," she said.

"Tom and I have two apiece," said Judy, "and father says if

we take good care of them he will send our squashes to the big fair in town, and he will send your squash too, and perhaps one of us will get a prize."

"But Fred and I havn't any plants," said Nancy. "Fred and I would like to get prizes."

"Only one person can get the prize," said Judith. "We couldn't all of us—they only give one—one First Prize, I mean."

"Never mind, Nancy," said Fred. "Don't you care—I don't!"

Then Judith knew that Fred did care very much, for he always said, "I don't care" when his feelings were hurt. She looked at Nancy and saw two glittering tears in her eyes.

She pulled Tom a little way from the others. She whispered to him, and Tom nodded, and said, "I will."

They ran back, and Tom said, "Look here, Fred—Judy is going to give you one of hers, and I'll give Nancy one of mine, and then all five of us 'll have one."

Nancy danced about, and Fred said, "That's fine!" and Judith said, "I shall get the cook to save me every speck of dish-water, but it'll be an awful lug up that hill!"

"You can just count on that!" said Tom.

The way those five squash plants grew was wonderful. Both Captain Britton and Mr. Holmes said so, and both knew a great deal about fine vegetables.

(Mr. Holmes was a stone-cutter, and had taken into his lungs so much stone dust that he was ill—he looked very white and thin. The Major had given him work in his garden for that sunmer, and Mr. Holmes said he wished he could work in a garden the rest of his life.)

All the children were faithful to their plants. Many a night Judy and Nancy and Tom and Fred carried water up the hill until their legs and arms ached—of course Fred and Nancy had to let their plants stay and grow in Captain Britton's garden.

One afternoon, right after a rain so that the squashes didn't need watering, Judy and Tom saw Mr. Lockman going up into the lighthouse and they ran after him and begged to go up too. They had not been inside the lighthouse for a long time.

"All right," said Mr. Lockman, and unlocked the door, and they all went in.

"Oh, how nice and cold!" said Judy, as they skipped up the stone stairs, ahead of the old keeper.

These stone stairs wound around and around the wall, and there were two round landings, and then there was the ladder up into the lantern—that made four flights. Every flight had a little window to see out of.

On the ground floor were three immense tanks, big barrels hooped about with iron bands and full of whale oil; in those days kerosene had not been heard of. Under the faucet of each barrel stood a big tin can to catch the drip. Judith always had felt a wild desire to turn the faucets and see the oil run out. When she spoke of it, one day, to Mr. Lockman, he quite scared her by what he said:

"My soul and body! You better not, I can tell you! You might let a whole butt run, and *then* I guess the Gov'ment wouldn't leave much of you and your pa!"

And Mr. Lockman wouldn't let her into the lighthouse after that, to help him light up, for a whole month. She sadly missed this privilege. It was such a great moment—to touch with a lamplighter the wicks, as Mr. Lockman stood by with the chimneys, and to see the light stream far out over the water in a shining ripple; and then to wait there and watch for the gleam of the powerful Highland Lights that showed the pilots who wanted to go into or out of the harbor the safe path. Judy felt when she lit the lamp that she had the safety of the harbor in her hand.

On the next floor was one tank of oil and a big butt always full of water, and overhead hung leather fire buckets, and a pole with a hook at the end stood in a corner to lift the buckets down, should a fire break out in the lighthouse. There never had been a fire since the lighthouse was built, but it was very thrilling to Judy to look at the buckets and pole.

This afternoon when the children scrambled up the steep ladder into the lantern, they found it very hot, for the lantern was just a tiny room all made of glass—sides, roof and all. A narrow walk with an iron railing breast-high ran around the lantern

on the outside, and a little door opened on to it. Judy rushed out there now, into the open air.

"Come on, Tom!" she cried out, suddenly. "They're going to draw the net! they said I might go next time!" And down the stairs Judy ran, so fast, that Tom didn't try to follow.

In another minute she was running up the beach, where the fishermen had the boat on the rollers, close to the water's edge. The seine was already piled in the stern, in regular layers, so that it would not catch and "foul" as it ran out. Two men with sleeves and trowsers rolled up stood ready to take the land-end of the net.

"Wait!" cried Judy. "You said I could go, Mr. Jacobson!"

"All right!" He reached out and lifted her over the side. "Get up in the bow, out of the way—don't tangle the net with your feet!"

Judy scrambled up, and in her anxiety to be obedient and not get in the way, seated herself *on* the bow, at the very end, both feet dangling over the side. The backs of the men were toward her. No one noticed how she was sitting.

The two men on shore pushed off, with a, "Yo ho, *there* you go!" The two men aboard dipped oars, and as the boat cleared the bottom, began to row with long strokes.

The water was very still. The sun was sinking toward the west, and the mellow light lay on everything, land and sea. The water stretched away without a break to Sandy Hook, and Judy thought, "Oh, I would just like to sit here and row on forever!"

She leaned far over to look back at the stern, to see the net gliding off into the water. Suddenly she lost her balance, and then with a frantic clutch in the air, and a scream, Judy was in the water, and sinking like a stone.

The men turned at Judy's shriek. One jumped up and nearly upset the boat and the other yelled, beginning to scull backwards.

"Sit down! back water! back I say!"

In a moment or so Judy came to the surface. With all her wits at her command, after a gasp and a splatter and a shake of her head to get the water out of her eyes, she struck out for the

boat. It seemed to her to be a long, long way off. It seemed so too, to the two scared fishermen.

"Float! float, Judy!" one of them yelled.

Used to instant obedience, Judy turned on her back, and lay there, just paddling enough to keep herself up, and move towards them.

"Lucky she's just a fish in the water!" said one of the men.

A few good strokes brought the boat beside her. Jacobson leaned over, and with a mighty lift—for Judy weighed something, and her wet clothes weighed more—he had her over the side.

"I've a mind to give you a good shaking!" said he.

"Oh, I do hope I havn't spoiled the catch!" said poor Judy, at which the men laughed.

They rowed on, while Judy tried to wring the water out of her skirts, and took off her shoes and stockings. It was a warm day, and as Judy was used to sitting in a wet bathing-dress, rowing about in the scow and diving from it, she didn't mind the wetting much, but she *was* sorry she had delayed the fishermen.

Soon they curved round toward shore. The men stood up and pulled in yards and yards of net, letting it fall in heaps at their feet. As the boat ran, bow on, to the beach they shipped their oars and jumped out into the shallow water and pulled it up a little.

Then they hauled on the end of the seine that was fastened to the stern, and walked back, and the men on shore hauled it along too, and then—all the water seemed to Judy to be alive with fish, as the net was drawn closer and closer to shore.

Heaps of shining creatures lay now close to shore, just at the edge of the water. A horse and cart were waiting, and the men began to load the fish. Then Judith scrambled out.

"Holloa!" said one of the men. "We saw you go off. Lucky you fell outside the net!"

"Oh, we'd just hauled her in with the fish!" said another.

"Guess you better skitter and get some dry clothes on!" said Mr. Jacobson.

"I guess I had too," said Judy and scampered home as fast as her legs would take her.

Katharine B. Foot.

(*To be Continued.*)

"HO! A FAIRY!" SAID ROB WITH A LAUGH.

THE VOICE IN THE SHELL.

IT was nearly sunset. Marjorie and Rob were out on the sand. Robbie had been building a fort, and now he was going up the shore to catch crabs. Marjorie was finding shells.

Just now Marjorie was bending her head to look into a big, pink-lined shell that lay deep in the sand.

"Robbie, I wish we could see quite inside," said she. "I would'nt wonder if a fairy lived in there!"

"Ho! a fairy!" said Rob, with a laugh. "I'll crack it right open and see."

"Oh, no, you musn't!" Marjorie hastily dropped down on the sand, and spread her little skirt over the big shell. With another laugh Rob ran on.

Marjorie picked up the great shell and laid her cheek against it.

"You dear, pretty shell, I won't let anyone crack you!" she whispered.

As she whispered, she heard a soft voice: "Come in, Marjorie!"

She opened her brown eyes wide! For, right around the curve in the shell, she saw the edge of a pink skirt, and a glimmer of yellow hair; then a pair of laughing blue eyes peeped out, a small hand beckoned, and the same sweet voice called again:

"Come in—around this way—I'll help you. It's a bit slippery, but hold my hand and you won't fall."

"There *is* a fairy in there, I do believe," thought Marjorie.

It *was* difficult to get safely around that curve. Marjorie's feet slipped two or three times. But by keeping fast hold of the small friendly hand, she stood at last inside of a wide and beautiful room. Walls, ceiling, floor, all were shining with rainbow colors; lights, bright but softly shaded, hung here and there; fountains of sea-green water rose and fell, and the air was fresh as if a gentle breeze were blowing.

"We are getting ready for our Mid-summer concert," said the fairy—for it was a fairy. "We never let anyone come in who is not very good and gentle. Now that boy Rob, he wanted to smash our house!" And the little creature shivered.

"Oh!" said Marjorie, "I think Rob was only in fun. He's a very nice boy. He's my brother."

"Hush," said the fairy. "The music is to begin."

And now Marjorie saw crowds of other little people, with happy, shining faces, some with sea-weeds twisted in their hair and others with strings of pearls about their necks and arms. At one end of the room the singers were standing in rows—the big king-shell fairies at the back, and down in front the wee spiral shell babies. The oyster-shell fairy, a great plump fellow dressed in gray, stood up beating time for the others, but never singing a word himself.

Now came the music, sometimes like the rushing wind on stormy waters, and again like the soft lapping of little wavelets

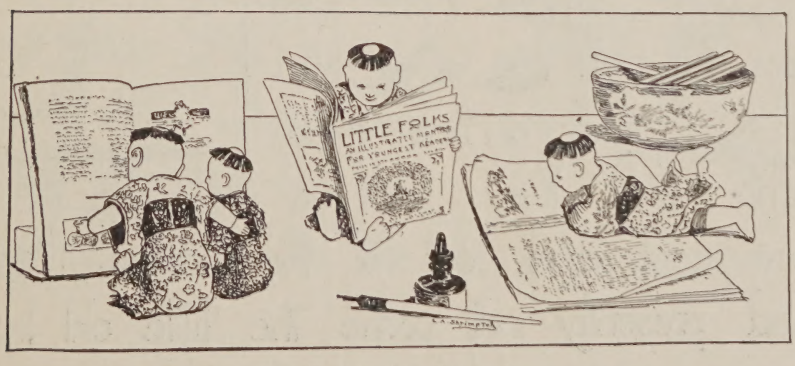
on the shore. Marjorie had heard this in shells before, many a time, but never dreamed that a fairy concert was going on within them.

When the concert was over, Marjorie's little friend led her out again, and helped her safely past the difficult curve. On the edge she paused to throw a good-by kiss to Marjorie, but seeing Rob coming with his crab she turned and hurried back.

The sun had just dropped into the water, and as Marjorie held the shell close to her ear to try to catch just one more strain of the music, she heard inside, as if far, far away, these words sung softly but very clearly:

"On Mid-summer Day,
With the sun's last ray,
Throng the fairies one and all;
And that child who can hear
Fairy voices, once a year
Shall come to our concert hall.
So listen, listen well
For the Voice in the Shell,
That you may not miss the call."

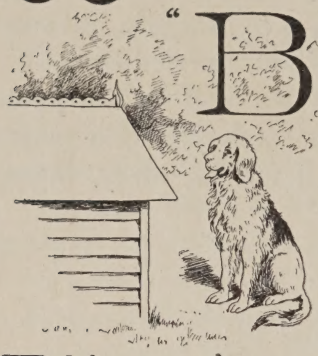
Grace Wickham Curran.



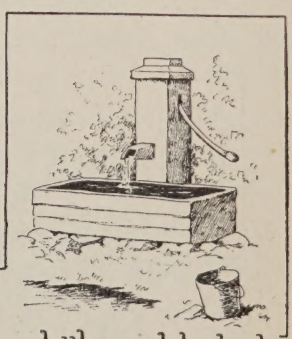
WHEN "LITTLE FOLKS" COMES!

WHERE WAS THE LITTLE WHITE DOG?

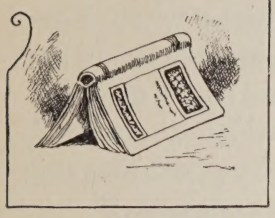
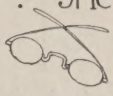
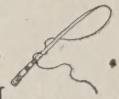
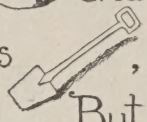
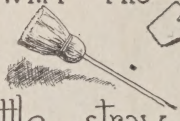
X



"Bow, wow, wow!" said a big voice, as big and deep as a fog "Who is stealing a nap on my bed?" it seemed to say. Teddy woke up with a jump. There was a big shaggy looking in at the door of the house. "Bow, wow, wow!" said Teddy in a little small voice like a penny and out he ran. He was not a bit afraid, and indeed the big dog was as gentle as a They walked round the yard, where there were trees full of and , and a fine green pump, and they took a nice cool drink out of the



And presently out came the little old lady.

"Dear me, what's this?" she cried, dropping her  and her  . "A little stray dog! Where did he come from? James!" she said to the coachman with his  . "Do you know?" "No, ma'am," said James. Then she asked the cook with her and , and the gardener with his  , and the housemaid with her  . But no one knew where the little stray dog had come from. "We must drive to Pineyport and find out," said the old lady. So James harnessed up the horse, and Betty the maid, put Teddy in the and gave him a bath, and then tied a new blue round his neck, and where was the little next but riding to Pineyport in the little old lady's carriage!

THE FUNNY STRANGE LEAF.

(The Roggie and Reggie Stories.)

HERE IS THE TREE-TOAD.

HERE'S LOVE ON HIS PONY.

THE TREE-TOAD SCOLDS.

AND one other night when Roggie and Reggie were ready for bed their father said: "You have been such good little boys today I will play I'm your fairy god-father and give you whatever you ask me!"

And Roggie said, "Oh, tell us a story, papa, and draw us some pictures!" And Reggie danced about the room and said, "Oh, yes, tell us a story; a story, a story!"

And their father took his paper and pencil and began: "Well, once upon a time there was a tree-toad who lived under a large strange leaf."

And Roggie said, "Oh, what a funny tree-toad, papa!"

And Reggie said, "Oh, what a funny strange leaf, papa!"

And their father said, "Yes, that is just what this little boy thought as he rode by on his tiny white pony."

And Roggie clapped his hands and said, "Oh, it is little boy Love, papa!'

And Reggie said, "Yes, see his wings—it is little boy Love!"

And their father laughed and said, "Yes, that is who it is. And when little boy Love saw that funny strange leaf he flew right down from his pony, and picked it. And oh, how that tree-toad did scold! 'Cher-chug! cher-chee!' she said, which meant,

'Why do you come here and steal my house?'

"And the first thing little boy Love knew and before he knew it this is what happened!"

And Roggie and Reggie both said at once, "Oh, he is taking a ride in the air on the funny strange leaf!"

And their father said, "Yes, and you see that he is just as surprised as you are."

And Roggie and Reggie both said, "Where did he go, papa?"

And their father said, "Oh, he sailed around and over the wood till the leaf came down and rested upon the ground right in the middle of a tulip bed. And little boy Love said, 'Oh, see all these golden goblets!' And he picked a tulip and put it to his lips and sipped the dew and the first thing he knew he was sound asleep!"

And Roggie and Reggie both said, "Why did he go to sleep, papa?"

And their father said, "Oh, just because he was sleepy. And this little old woman came out and she said, 'Well, who is this asleep in my tulip bed!' And she shook her candy cane in the air."

And Roggie and Reggie both said, "Was it truly candy, papa?"

"Yes, but see, just see! The little old lady steps on that funny strange leaf and up she goes through the *clouds*!"

And Roggie and Reggie clapped

THE RIDE IN THE AIR.

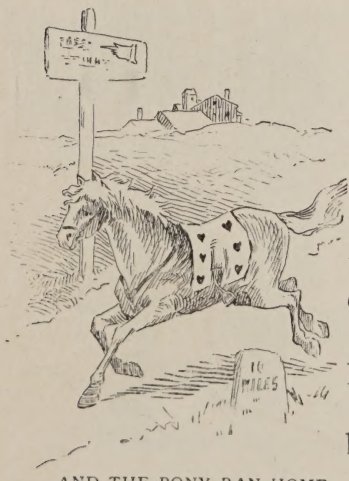
THE GOLDEN GOBLET.

WHEN LOVE WAS ASLEEP.

UP SHE GOES!

HERE'S LOVE WITH THE CANE.

HERE ARE THE BOYS.



AND THE PONY RAN HOME.

their hands and said, "Oh, oh, she's dropped her candy cane!"

And their father said, "Yes, so she did! and little boy Love woke up and he found the candy cane and he went home eating it all the way!

"There was something funny about that candy cane—the more he sucked it the longer it grew! And I cannot guess how long it would have grown, but little boy Love met four little boys and he broke the candy cane in four equal parts and gave one of the parts to each of those four little boys."

And Roggie said, "Did each of the pieces grow longer when those little boys sucked them, papa?"

And Reggie said, "Did they, papa?"

And their father said, "Yes, each piece of candy grew longer and longer till each was as long as each boy!"

And Roggie said, "What kind of candy was it, papa?"

And Reggie said, "Yes, whatkind?"

And their father laughed and said "Oh, peppermint candy, I guess—And that is the end of the story."

And Roggie said, "Oh, what did that poor little tree-toad do, papa?"

And his father said, "Oh, she went up in a tree and sang, 'cher-chug! cher-chee! I'm happy and free!"

And Reggie said, "What did the little white pony do?"

And their father said, "Oh, he ran home like a good little pony."

Gertrude Smith.

FAULT FINDING.

The publisher is obliged to find fault with some of his subscribers. It is strange that any one should send money for a subscription to LITTLE FOLKS and forget to sign one's name. Yet this often occurs, and more frequently, correspondents forget to give their residence, or leave off the name of the street in which they reside. Many subscribers ask to have their address changed and neglect to give the old address. After a time these careless or thoughtless people write the publisher and find fault because he has not attended to their wants. LITTLE FOLKS will do all it can to please every one, but does not like to guess the names or addresses of its correspondents. Great care should always be exercised in giving the most exact address possible. When the magazine is not received it is usually on account of an imperfect address.

The name of the parent should always be a part of the address when no P. O. Box or street number is given. All changes of address should be given promptly and at least fifteen days before the next issue of the magazine.

The publisher is preparing a premium which he thinks will be the most remarkable one ever offered for one and two new subscribers. It will please every member of the household and LITTLE FOLKS confidently expects every subscriber will send in two new names before December. These premiums have been in preparation for several months but they will not be announced before September or October.

There are more paper dolls (eight in the set) for those who send the names of twenty-five or more mothers who can afford and ought to have LITTLE FOLKS. If convenient, give the age of the child also.

Letters may be addressed either to Salem or Boston, but money orders should be drawn on Boston.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Dear Little Folks:—You have been coming to me for two months, and I think it is so nice to get a magazine all my own every month.

I saw a letter from Alice Aylett Callaway; she said she liked the piece of poetry called "Our Square." I know the young lady who wrote the poetry. She lives in Alexandria and her name is Miss Jeannie Pendleton Ewing; she writes for other magazines too, and she got me to take *Little Folks*. I go sometimes to old Christ church, where George Washington used to go. There is a funny old fire engine that he gave to the town of Alexandria, and they say he used to go to the fires to see it work, just like anybody else. I know some little girls named Washington, who are kin to General George, one of them can climb trees better than any little girl I know.

Alice Montrose Graham.

BROOKVILLE, O.

Dear Little Folks:—I am nine years old and am in the third grade. We have a big New Foundland dog named Carlo, and a maltese cat named Fairy, and a horse named Pet. Carlo will bring the cow. I love to go to school and I can hardly wait for you to come. I like "Billy Boy Brown," and "The Stars that Turned into Dollars." I like the "The Gold Stars" because Mrs. Merriman wrote it. I cannot name any I don't like. I will tell you more some other time.

Vesta Fern Spitler.

CHICAGO, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks: I can hardly wait four long weeks for you to come! I like "Capt. Brittons' Children" and "Roggie and Reggie Stories" best. I have a bird named Dick; he takes his bath in a dish on the dining-table almost every morning—sometimes he is lazy and won't bathe!

I am seven years old and have been sick so I cannot go to School.

Helen Organ.

HEBRON, NEB.

My Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl nine years of age. I like you very much, and I don't know how I could get along without you. I like you so well that I read you through in two days, and I am wishing that you would come every other day. My Sunday School teacher is getting up an entertainment and our class is going to sing and speak. We are going to serve ice-cream and cake too. I have six dolls, a doll cradle, a doll trunk, and most every thing else for dolls. I earned the trunk myself by helping mama do the dishes when I was five or six years old. I have two kittens; their

25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP

is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion, cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Frye's Remedy **"QUICKSTEP"** is sure to cure **Rheumatism** in all of its forms.

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Headache,
Insomnia,
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SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, NOW IMPROVING.

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Dear Sirs:—I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for 18 years; at times could not get around at all. A friend of mine was cured by "Quickstep," and I procured some. After a few doses, I am wonderfully improved, and at the same rate of improvement I shall be well in a very few days. I feel ten years younger. W. D. SMITH.

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BY DE FREGGER.

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They Must Use

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names are Daisy and Buttercup. Daisy is a white cat with a little (a very little) yellow on her head and tail and a little bit on her feet. Buttercup is all yellow. I took music lessons last summer and was in a recital. My piece was about "The Jolly Sleigh Party." I like to read the letters that the other children write. Papa got a camera for mama and I took a picture of papa reading the newspaper sitting on the railing of the porch. I took it right, but papa moved and so he had three or four newspapers and rings!

Olive R. Hazard.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Dear Little Folks:—For a year I have been one of your subscribers, and I send my renewal in this letter. I am only four years old, and can read my Primer nicely; but mama reads my magazine to me except the "Little White Dog," stories which I can read for myself. I like you so much. I shall take you 'till I am quite a big boy. I have several pets—a pony and a pug dog. I love them very much. My dog is called Robin and my pony Dobbin. I have a saddle and bridle, and sometime I will send you my picture with my pony and dog; maybe you will put it in your paper and my mama and papa will be so pleased! [Yes, Duncan.]

I have given coupons to several little friends who promised to try you, and I hope they will become regular subscribers. Good-bye and Good Luck to Little Folks!

Duncan E. Jackson.

JEFFERSON, N. H.

Dear Little Folks:—I am almost four years old and am going to tell my mama what to write. Papa takes you for me, and Grandma and mamma read the stories over and over to me. I have a big St. Bernard dog; he weights one hundred and thirty pounds, and takes care of me when I go out to play alone.

I have an old kitty named Topsey and four little kittens. I like to have stories read to me and wish you came every week.

Bessie May Clark.

TESCOTT, KANS.

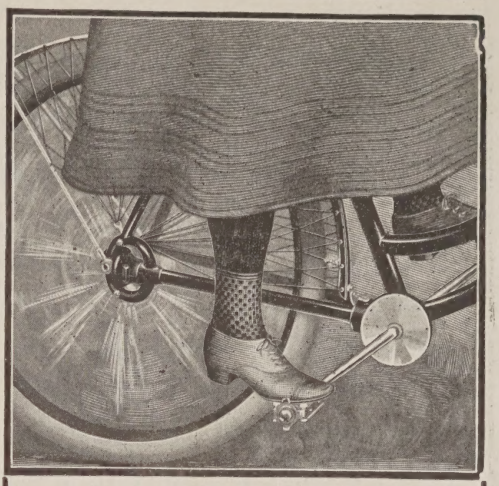
Dear Little Folks:—You have come to me seven times and I am always anxiously waiting for you. I like you better than any other paper I read. Our school closed a week ago. I will be nine years old in September, and will go in the third reader next term. I have three dolls; one goes to sleep when I lay her down and sleeps till I take her up. She has auburn curls and big brown eyes. I call her "Little Bright Eyes." I am going to have her picture taken with me and have her in her buggy.

Lola L. Pierce.

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little boy eleven years old. I like you very much, my Mama gave you to me for a Christmas present. I have five bantie chickens. I mean five hens and seven chickens, and a steam engine. My rooster's name is Dewey. I have a cat named Foodles, and a canary bird named Billy. I like all your stories best, and always read your letters. I live near my Grandpa and Grandma and I keep my chickens and hens over there.

Harold Chase.



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is pre-eminently the wheel for women. The picture shows its manifest advantages. Nothing to catch or soil the skirt; no unsightly chain guard to work loose and rattle; no sprockets to entangle guard lacings. The rigid frame construction overcomes that tendency to spring or "whip," which is the common fault of other drop frame machines. There is no good reason why a woman as well as a man should not have a bicycle of the highest efficiency—no good reason why most women should not have a Columbia chainless when we sell **Model 51 for $60 and Model 60 for $75.**

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless wheels for men and women are the easiest running, most durable and cleanest bicycles, because the driving mechanism, which is positive in its action, is supported by perfectly rigid frame construction, and so enclosed that its riding qualities cannot be affected by dust, mud or rain.

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BUZ-BUZ

His Twelve Adventures

By CHARLES STUART PRATT, author of "Stick-and-Pea Plays," Little Peterkin Vandike," etc., and Editor of *Little Folks*. Fifty illustrations and cover design by L. J. Bridgman. One vol., 12mo, 75 cents.

I am Buz-Buz; and, if you please, I am to tell you the story of my adventures.

So begins the book, in which the hero, a house-fly, tells his own story; and the Baby, the Boy, the Lady, the Man, the Grandma, and all things, are seen from the Fly's point of view. And if little children *have* "only two legs and no wings at all," as the Fly observes, they will follow with no less interest the adventures of the winged and many-legged hero. His story, with its quaint fancies, its humor, and its tiny tragedies, is something new in nursery fiction. It will help children enter into the life of one familiar insect, and so see how all such little creatures live a varied life of their own, with doings and happenings, with pleasures and pains, like larger folk.

STICK-AND-PEA PLAYS

Pastimes for the Children's Year

By CHARLES STUART PRATT, author of "Buz-Buz," "Little Peterkin Vandike," etc., and Editor of *Little Folks*. Seventy working designs by the author, together with other illustrations, drawn by H. P. Barnes. A book for homes, kindergartens and schools, One vol., 12mo, 75 cents.

One of the first play-instincts of the child is the making of mimic objects and the make-believe use of them. These Plays are easy amusements in line with this natural instinct. At the same time, they are educational pastimes as well as entertaining occupations.

Every child likes to "make things;" and one of the most enjoyable ways is with soaked peas and little sticks. This book gives some seventy working designs, which, with the directions, will enable the child to make no end of interesting things — sleds, snow shovels and hockey-sticks, hoes, rakes and wheelbarrows, cherry-trees, hatchets and cherries, letters and figures, swords, tents and flags, houses and furniture, boats and bicycles, turkeys and wish-bones, and even Christ-cradles and Christmas-trees.

There are playful suggestions, and informing paragraphs, and the life-history of the pea is followed step by step and illustrated in the initial pictures.

The book is designed primarily for the home, as a handy help to parents in amusing their children, and as a still handier help to children in amusing themselves.

Both these books are highly praised by the Literature Committee of the National Congress of Mothers, and placed upon the "List of Recommended Books for Children" prepared by them.

At all bookstores, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOSTON.

LIMA, N. Y.

Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eight years old, and go to school every day. I have two little kittens. I like "The Sea Captain's Children," and "The Roggie and Reggie stories" and "Story of Tartar" and "The Red Feather Bed." I can hardly wait until you come I like your stories so much. I have seven dolls, a doll's carriage, a doll's couch, a doll's folding bed. I have a cook-stove, too, which my cousin Johnny gave me. I had a dog once —his name was Klondike.

Jeannette M. Richardson.

JACKSON, TENN.

Dear Little Folks:—I love to get you every month and have mama read you to me. I am only six years old and can't read for myself or write either. I like the story about "Tartar" best this month, and I can hardly wait to hear the rest of the story about "The Sea Captain's Children." My papa brought me a nice scrap-book and I paste pictures in it. I have a lovely flower bed all my very own and I have a hoe and rake of my own.

Clifford Lindsey.

WALWORTH, WIS.

Dear Little Folks:—I like you very much. I send a verse of poetry to you which I will like to see in some of the magazines; it is about three little mice. I like to read. The letters I am very fond of reading and my mama calls me a book-worm. I write stories at home, and I like to, though of course I don't have them printed. I make up nonsense-poems. I never sent anything away to be printed before.

I first took *Babyland*, and after that *Little Men and Women* and now *Little Folks*.

I have a desk, and I have quite a good many books. I want a bicycle, and mama says that sometime I can; and it is so funny that though I am eight years old I have never been on the cars! I mean that I have never had a ride.

Here is my verse.

THREE LITTLE MICE

Three little mice
Ran out to play—
Up jumped Pussy Big Eyes
Right in their way!

Grace Berenice Cooper.

MASON CITY, ILL.

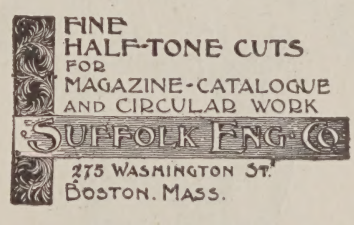
Dear Little Folks:—I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a bird (it is a parrot), two dolls, I had three but I gave one away to a poor little girl. I have a doll-chair, doll-crib, doll-buggy, and a play house. I have a penny doll hose; so has my sister. *She* has a doll-swing and chair and a pet cat, and other things. The stories that Ethel and I like best are "Where was the Little White Dog?" "The Story of Tartar," "The Stars that turned to Dollars," and "The Sea Captain's Children."

Bessie and Ethel Coat.

MECHANICSBURG, O.

Dear Little Folks:—Mama gave you to me for a Christmas present, and I like you very much. I am eight years old and go to school. I am in the third reader. I like "Billy Boy Brown," "Where Majorie was found," "Where was the Little White Dog," and "I Didn't," the best but I like all the stories. I haven't any pets, but I have three dollies. Papa said he was going to get me a camera when I was ten years old. I had a birthday party on my birthday. Last summer I went to Cleveland and I rode on a steamboat across Lake Erie to Euclid Beach Park. The minute *Little Folks* comes I sit down and begin to read. And if I have company my company and I sit and look at the pictures. I like to read and I told mama that if I had something to read all the time I would be happy. I like Language and Reading and Spelling the best in school. I like to read the letters in *Little Folks* Leettr Bag.

Florence R. Stein.



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The celebrated and effectual English Cure without internal medicine, Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of **E. FOUGERA & CO., 30 NORTH WILLIAMS ST., N. Y.**

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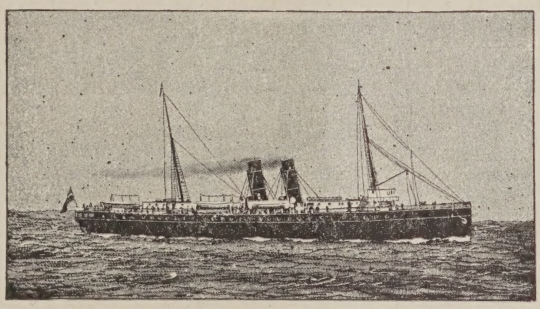

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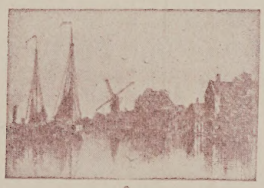
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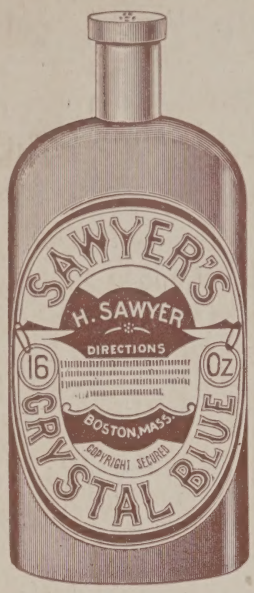

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